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THE DELUSIVE NOTIONS OF SUCCESSIVE AGES.

EVERY successive age thinks itself the cleverest that ever existed, but is usually disposed to look back upon the preceding as its superior in virtue. We readily acknowledge the morality of our fathers, but are careful to allow them a very small share of understanding. Excellent stupid people we think them—every man innocent himself, and trusting to find the like innocence in his neighbours—a worthy honest race, who troubled themselves very little to ascertain the principles of anything, and were good they knew not how or wherefore.

The writer of an article entitled "The Old Cut," which lately appeared in our paper, went largely into this notion, and endeavoured to show that the young men of his own early day, about fifty years ago, were almost unexceptionably steady and well-behaved, without any vices corresponding to those which distinguish existing youth. Strange to say, on looking into the books of the time referred to, we find the very same complaints made as to the rising generation of that day, as are so loudly trumpeted respecting the present. In the *Mirror*, a periodical paper, conducted by Mr Mackenzie, and which was published in the years 1779 and 1780, an old gentleman, full of the virtuous notions of the then old school, fills the fourth number with an account of his two sons, who had been completely demoralised by a residence in Paris, and who despised their unpretending father "for the want of those frivolous accomplishments on which they valued themselves so highly." Another ancient and honourable gentleman, in the ninth number, tells how greatly he was shocked, on visiting the theatre for the first time in twenty years, to see the conduct of the young men in the upper boxes. In the fifty-seventh number, a travelled man, newly come home, attends an assembly, and finds the lady directress surrounded by a number of persons of both sexes, who all "spoke at the same time, and some of them, as I thought, with a voice and gesture rather rough and vehement." He is told that the real men of fashion are not yet come in, and presently he hears a loud noise at the lower end of the hall. "'There they come,' said the lady directress, and I soon perceived a number of young gentlemen staggering up the room, all of them flustered, some of them perfectly intoxicated. Their behaviour (*I forbear to mention the particulars*) was such as might be expected." At another place, the editor himself says—"I perceive, in the pit of the playhouse, some young men who have got fuddled in punch, as noisy and as witty as the gentlemen in the boxes, who have been drinking Burgundy." Mr Mackenzie's testimony is, however, less decisive than that of his publisher, Mr Creech, who, in a series of Letters addressed to Sir John Sinclair, respecting the changes of manners between 1763 and 1783, characterises the one period as remarkable for decency, dignity, and delicacy, and the other as equally marked by dissipation and licentiousness. "Many people," says he, "ceased [in 1783] to blush at what would formerly have been reckoned a crime." He says it was fashionable at the one period to go to church, and it was held disgraceful to be seen on the streets during public worship; but that, in 1783, attendance on church was greatly neglected—the streets were far from being void of people during worship—the Sunday evenings were signalled by riots—and domiciliary visiting had been given up by the clergy. "In 1763," says this observer, "a young man was termed a fine fellow, who, to a well-informed and accomplished mind added elegance of manners, and a conduct guided by principle; one who would not have injured the rights of the

meanest individual; who contracted no debts that he could not pay; and thought every breach of morality unbecoming the character of a gentleman; who studied to be useful to society, so far as his opportunities or abilities enabled him." Alas, how changed was the *fine fellow* of 1783!—"one who could drink three bottles; who discharged all debts of honour, and evaded payment of every other; who swore immoderately, and before ladies, and talked of his word of honour; who ridiculed religion and morality as folly and hypocrisy (but without argument); who was forward in all the fashionable follies of the time; and who disregarded the interests of society, or the good of mankind, if they interfered with his own vicious selfish pursuits and pleasures." About the time when Mr Creech was writing, Dr Vicesimus Knox, whose observations extended over a wider circle of society, wrote thus respecting young men—"Far more take pains to shine amidst the little circle of their vicious acquaintance, in the character of gay libertines, than to acquire, by useful qualities, the esteem of the good. From motives of vanity, health and peace are sacrificed, fortunes lavished without credit or enjoyment, every relative and personal duty neglected, and religion boldly set at defiance. To be admitted into the company of those who disgrace the family title which they inherit, thousands plunge into debauchery without passion, into drunkenness without convivial enjoyment, into gaming without the means or inclination for play."

It being thus proved that the young gentlemen of the eighties were no better than they should be, our next business is to go back twenty or thirty years farther, and endeavour to ascertain if those who were old in 1779, were what they pretended to have been in their own young days. It is, in the first place, not very favourable to Mr Creech's theory, that the most conspicuous article of native intelligence in the *Scots Magazine* for 1762, is one respecting the alarming prevalence of the crime of infanticide, and that the General Assembly of 1760 was very generally petitioned for a national fast, "on account of the great increase of vice and immorality, owing in no small degree to the growing profanation of the Sabbath." In the periodical paper called the *World*, published in 1753 by Mr Edward Moore, author of the *Gamester*, a worthy old gentleman employs himself in the twenty-ninth number to describe what he suffered through the fashionable follies of his wife, son, and daughter. The profligacy of the son is set down by the editor as only an instance of what was to be observed in all public places, and as, in his opinion, the unavoidable result of imperfect or erroneous education. "The ancients," says he, "began the education of their children by forming their hearts and their manners. They taught them the duty of men and citizens; we teach them the language of the ancients, and leave their morals and manners to shift for themselves." In the forty-ninth number, a definition is given of a modern gentleman, exactly corresponding in every particular with Mr Creech's *fine fellow* of 1783. He is represented as a person with a tolerable suit of clothes, and a sword by his side, who may lie with impunity, if he be ready to demonstrate his veracity with a pistol, abuse and starve his wife and sisters, pay no debts but those contracted in gaming, and do every thing else he pleases, except decline single combat, or cheat at play—a dispensation being allowed even in the last particular, if the transaction be done at a horse-match.

If we go back to the time when the veterans of 1753 and 1763 were young, we find reason to believe that they were then in no respect better than their children. In an address to the throne in 1722, the town

council of Edinburgh used the strongest language in representing "the abounding of vice and immorality, particularly horrid cursing and swearing, breach of the Lord's day, drunkenness," and other vices which need not be specified. Nay, Patrick Walker, in his *Life of Peden*, written about this time, mentions that the young men had become so luxurious in profligacy, as to have the newest-fashioned oaths sent regularly down to them from the metropolis. Those who have read the satirical writings of Swift and Pope, and the preceptive papers of Addison and Steele, will not require to be reminded of the dissolute manners which prevailed at this period in all departments of British society. But it is needless thus to pursue retreating virtue through all the successive stages of our national history. Were we to go back to Horace and Juvenal, we should find such calculations made as to the rapidly increasing wickedness of mankind, as, if true, would have long since left us in a state too horrible to be imagined.

It is not only, however, respecting the morality of mankind that such delusive notions are entertained: we hear much in the present day respecting the cultivation of general knowledge by ladies, of their attendance upon scientific lectures, of their blue-stocking habits, and so forth. Yet Mr Mackenzie, between fifty and sixty years ago, was full of remarks upon the increasing learning of the female sex, and could in no other way account for the brevity of the dresses of his fair contemporaries, than by supposing their attention to be too exclusively engrossed in the adornment of the head, to allow of their taking any care of the other extremity. We hear complaints as to the foolish dances which have lately substituted mere romping for elegance; yet Ward, the author of the *London Spy*, who wrote at the beginning of the eighteenth century, describes something exactly similar as being in vogue at that time. "All things being now in order," says he, "in his chapter on the dancing-school, 'Monsieur Shakelegs faces about to his fair company of female pupils, whom he had brought under such discipline that at one word of command they advanced forward from their seats, seeming all to be as ready to put themselves upon a gallop as so many post-horses. When they had drawn themselves into a ring, like so many country people going to play at drop-glove, very concise orders were dispatched to the listening Crowdero to play the *Bravels*; which being done, the master led up his scholars, and away they scoured round the room after one another, as if they were playing a *train-tro*; at which kind of sport they continued till they had tired the company, much worse than themselves, before they altered into any variety.'" Chaucer says that there is no new fashion that is not old; and the remark, in as far as it anticipates the inference from these facts, is its own confirmation. Even that system of cheap literature, by which some wise people think that real learning will soon be overthrown, is not peculiar to the present age. Major Topham, in his *Letters from Edinburgh*, dated in 1775, states that the business of publishing has been there "carried to perfection—I mean that perfection which includes every requisite in a book at the smallest price possible. A bookseller in this city is now printing a complete set of the English classics in duodecimo; which, with the addition of a very handsome binding, amount only to eighteen-pence. It is such productions as these that do honour to a country." Again, there is a very general impression amongst us, that the taste for the legitimate drama has lately experienced a decline, and that spectacles and buffoonery have come in

place of the sorrows of Belvidera and the humours of Major O'Flaherty. What says the Edinburgh Magazine for 1799 upon this subject? "When we turn our eyes to the theatre, we observe crowds of every rank pressing to see pantomimes and puppet-shows, too contemptible to be criticised, too despicable to be described, and the representation of which ought to be considered as an insult to a civilised and learned nation; were not the managers excused by the depraved taste of the public, and the applause so universally and lavishly bestowed upon these miserable performances." (vol. xiii. 244.) Yes, say the admirers of the legitimate drama, but look back to the age of Garrick: that was the true era of a just and elevated theatrical taste. Well, what says the World for October the 25th, 1753? "Happy it is for us, that we live in an age of taste, when the dumb eloquence and manual wit of Harlequin is justly preferred to the whining of tragedy and the vulgarity of comedy. When certain reformatory can be brought about, every body," says this ironical satirist, "must allow that a pantomime will be a most rational and instructive entertainment. How pleased will the town be this winter, to read in one of the articles of news in the Public Advertiser, 'We hear that, at each of the theatres-royal, there is an entire new pantomime now in rehearsal, and that the principal parts will be performed by Mr Garrick, Mr Woodward, Mr Mossop, Mrs Cibber, and Mrs Pritchard, at Drury Lane; and at Covent Garden by Mr Quin, Mr Lun, Mr Barry, Miss Nossiter,' &c. It is not to be doubted that a pantomime so acted would run through a whole season to the politest as well as the most crowded audiences." The writer further insinuates, that, if the best authors of the day were to lend their assistance in composing these productions, there would not be "a hundred people at any one rout in town, *except it was of a Sunday*." Such was the theatrical taste, and such the general morality of 1753.

But the great general character of this age—the march-of-intellect idea itself—turns out to be a delusion. According to one set of philosophers, we are great diffusers of knowledge now-a-days, but do very little in the way of adding to its stock; science, indeed, is held to be on the decline, and original literature also, and all through the exclusive prosperity which follows the efforts of the popular lecturer and the compiler. According to another set, we are doing great things for those classes who have hitherto known little of liberal education, and must soon work a great improvement in society. All agree that the efforts made for the diffusion of knowledge are something quite new, and peculiar to this age alone. Now, it can be shown incontestably that the same system existed nearly a century ago. Let the reader only peruse the following extract from Dr Johnson's Preface to Dodsley's Preceptor, written in 1748, and say if the present age could be described in more apt terms:—"At a time when so many schemes of education have been projected, so many proposals offered to the public, so many schools opened for general knowledge, and so many lectures in particular sciences attended; at a time when mankind seems intent rather upon familiarising than enlarging the several arts; and every age, sex, and profession, is invited to an acquaintance with those studies which were formerly supposed accessible only to such as had devoted themselves to literary leisure, and dedicated their powers to philosophical inquiries; it seems requisite that an apology should be made for any farther attempt to smooth a path so frequently beaten, or to recommend attainments so ardently pursued, and so officiously directed."

It would be curious to trace the sources of these delusive notions in the ordinary habits of human thinking. The notion of an increasing immorality is certainly occasioned by the breadth in which all the less pure and agreeable traits of existing popular manners are presented to our observation, while, in surveying the past, or listening to the accounts of it given by our seniors, we find the corresponding evils thrown very much into shade. The sentiment of veneration also lends its aid in making us think well of the men and things of a former age, while many capricious feelings and opinions tend to give us a disgust with the present. We are likewise too much in the habit of drawing inferences from a narrow field of observation. We hear of two mercenary marriages in the course of a month, and immediately conclude that the age is marked peculiarly by a system of heartless matrimony; forgetting, if there were nothing else to remember, the Marriages-la-mode of Hogarth. We suddenly awaken

to a sense of the number of lectures attended by females, the ridiculous appearance of gallopadies, and pantomimes, the number of books published cheaply, and vast machinery in existence for the diffusion of knowledge among all classes; and immediately, without the least reflection, we exclaim that taste degenerates and real learning declines, in proportion to their being spread over large surfaces: altogether unconscious that the same observations were made in the days of our fathers, our grandfathers, and our great-grandfathers. It is to be hoped that the attempt which we have here made to show the prevalence of these hastily adopted and delusive impressions in all ages, will be of some small service in putting men upon their guard against adopting or admitting them in the present, and in those which are to come.

THE SHIPWRECK, A STORY.*

My father was a respectable farmer in the neighbourhood of Glasgow. His fortune merely enabled him to live in comfort, and to educate his two sons and a daughter substantially, and with some degree even of accomplishment. He frequently told us that he would educate us the best he could, but that we must expect nothing more. At the age of fifteen, a good opportunity occurring, I was placed as a clerk and book-keeper with a mercer; but this person in the course of three years afterwards was obliged to wind up his affairs, and I was turned adrift on the world. I returned once more to my parents. However, I did not remain long a dependent upon them.

A sea captain of our acquaintance, hearing my situation alluded to while he was with the family one evening, said, in a jocular tone, "Well, Allan, how would you like a trip with me to the United States?" "I would be delighted with it," I replied. "Would you, indeed! You have only to get ready, then; for I shall be off for New York next week." "If my parents consent, my preparations are soon made." After some demur, and a short delay of a day or two, their consent was procured; and in due time I found myself on the deck of my friend the captain's vessel, lying at Greenock ready for putting to sea.

Our ship was soon under sail, and with a brisk breeze on the quarter we moved rapidly down the Clyde. The captain advised me to remain on deck in order to dispel sea-sickness, though I feel aware that he thought the company and succession of new objects would dissipate my melancholy. We had about a dozen cabin passengers, and not less than sixty in the steerage; the latter mostly poor people from the Highlands, and some weavers out of employment from Paisley and Renfrew.

I was particularly struck by an English man and woman that remained apart from the rest. The husband leaned against the bulwarks near the fore-castle, his cheek pale, his teeth clenched, his lips compressed, and a hand pressed hard on his brow. The wife was seated, clasping in her arms a little daughter about ten years of age. She wept not aloud, but the large tears coursed down her face, while her bosom swelled as if her heart would burst. She seemed to turn aside, as if she wished not to show the grief she could not repress. I had noticed her at intervals for more than two hours. All the others had gained some degree of composure; but if she was tranquil for a single moment, it was only to renew her weeping more bitterly. The daughter seemed not to comprehend her mother's grief; yet seeing that she was unhappy, the little thing kissed her repeatedly, exclaiming, "Don't cry, mother; dear mother, don't cry," in most plaintive tones. All that I could learn of the family was, that it was called Campbell, and had known better days.

The vessel passed rapidly the verdant vales and lofty hills of Bute and Arran, the craig of Ailsa, and the rocky cliffs of the Mull of Cantire; and the Paps of Jura were just appearing as night closed in. The next day we passed the north of Ireland, and the land disappeared. I was so sea-sick that it was not until the third day that I could go on deck with comfort. I was delighted with the broad expanse of the deep-blue ocean and its thousand waves, capped with fleecy white.

My companions were in every respect agreeable. According to established usage, there is no intermingling between the cabin passengers and the lowly occupants of the steerage. Indeed, the captain, who took some authority over me, gave me distinctly to understand that any intercourse with them would be improper. I could not forbear, however, attempting to make acquaintance with the English family I have before alluded to; but both husband and wife repelled my advances, as if they wished not to have their situation pried into. Nevertheless, they behaved with great politeness, and among other things lent me several books. The daughter was more sociable. Missing the occupations and variety so necessary to children, she seemed delighted whenever I came near her. Probably the parents were pleased that the poor child found amusement in any way; for they did not check her familiarity, and very soon she passed the greater part of every day with me. At first, the captain looked gruff; but seeing that little Catharine was a general favourite, he soon became as fond of her as

the rest. Her beauty alone might have softened any one. Her forehead was high and polished, her mouth well formed and set off with pearly teeth, and her face a graceful oval. Her complexion was clear brunette, with not a high, though healthy, colour. Her silky hair and eyes at first seemed black, but were in truth very dark-brown; though the long jetty lashes that shaded the latter gave them alternately the softness of the gazelle and keenness of the eagle. She was small for her age, but, as is not uncommon in such cases, was precocious to a wonderful degree. So ready was her wit, so pertinent and original her observations, that the whole of the cabin passengers were often, at the same time, putting questions or listening to her remarks.

We had been out ten days when a storm sprung up so violent, that for three days the dead-lights were in, and the hatches closed down. My sea-sickness returning, I kept my bed the whole time. One night the wind lulled, and I slept soundly. I arose early in the morning to go on deck and take a walk, as was my daily habit in good weather. The sailors were pumping out the ship; as the tightest vessel leaks a little, and many people even assert that this is necessary to keep it sweet. It struck me that the water drawn out was not so offensive as bilge water generally is. After the pumping had continued much longer than usual, the captain ordered the well to be sounded.

"Well, captain," gaily asked a passenger, "have you water enough in the hold?"

"Yes," answered the captain, turning pale, "more than enough—there is four feet."

"For any sake, put into the next port!"

"And that is more than a thousand miles off!"

This dismal news spread immediately, and in a few moments the affrighted passengers, men and women, were on deck, crowding round the captain, and asking a hundred hurried questions.

"My friends," said he, "you must prepare for the worst. Our only hope is in keeping the pumps actively going, and every one must take his turn; meanwhile, I hope we may at all events fall in with a ship." The request was readily agreed to, as he himself set the example, and laboured harder than a common sailor. Our ship was loaded with dry goods, and the hold filled with coal and iron-castings, which last, according to many, created the leak; but it was more probably occasioned by the straining of the seams in the late storm. The water still gaining, the hatches were ordered to be opened, and the cargo thrown overboard, in order to lighten the vessel. You may readily conceive that I felt some unpleasant emotions in consigning my little all to the deep; though they were soon stilled by the rapid approach of danger.

The long-boat was now cleared, and preparation made for rigging her. As soon as this was observed, all commenced bringing their effects above, until the deck was strewn with bundles, trunks, chests, boxes, clothes-bags, and even bird-cages. Indeed there was luggage enough to have freighted a tolerable schooner. What between pumping and lightening the ship, we had toiled from morning till two in the afternoon, with only hurried mouthfuls of food. While working at the pump, the captain said to me, in a low voice, "Put your money and your watch in your pocket immediately." I ran down to do so, and found to my horror that the water covered the cabin floor. I resumed my place at the pump, which choked at every instant from the coal in the hold getting into the sucker, and at last could not be worked at all. Almost at the same moment the iron piston of the other pump snapped in two. The captain immediately had a tackle rigged from the yard, and a ten-gallon cask attached to a rope, by which we drew water from the hold as with a bucket from a well. This was indeed like baling out with a thimble. It was evident that the water was gaining in spite of our exertions.

The captain placed all the steerage passengers at different jobs, as if there was no immediate danger. As soon as this was done, I noticed him whispering to each of the cabin passengers in succession. Most of the sailors collected together in one part of the vessel, and exhibited that kind of composure mingled with alacrity that always marks them in imminent peril. The captain, passing close to me, said, "Follow, and keep near me." Hardly had we gained the leeward, when the long-boat was suddenly lowered, and brought alongside. The cabin passengers and sailors in a body quickly clambered down the ladder, while there was a scream from all parts of the vessel, and a general rush. "Push on," shouted the captain to me. At that instant I saw the English couple and their little daughter, and paused as I was standing on the ladder. The few remaining sailors jumped into the jolly-boat, which was soon swamped, and three men drowned within some yards of us.

The long-boat was attached to the ship by a long rope, or painter, in sea-phrase, and those left on board made several attempts to draw us up to them. The captain, however, assured them he would remain near the vessel to the last moment, and render every assistance in his power, but would put off instantly to sea in case they did not comply in all respects with his orders. A pretty rough sea was running, and from the blackness of the gathering clouds, we had good reason to anticipate a storm. I seriously doubted whether I would not have done better to have remained on board of the ship, which still floated bravely, than have trusted my life to a frail long-

* The above is a condensation of a story which appears among others in a work entitled "Novellettes of a Traveller; or Odds and Ends from the Knapsack of Thomas Singularity: edited by Henry Junius Nott." 2 vols. New York, 1834.

boat, loaded until the gunwales were scarcely above water. We had all been wearied out with constant labour, and the complaint of excessive thirst became general. On opening our only cask, it was discovered that in the hurry we had taken brandy instead of water. What was to be done in this dilemma? The Englishman, Campbell, overheard us, for we were not more than fifty feet off, and, going below, soon returned with a small keg, which he threw over to us. From this slender store a mouthful, and scarcely more, was distributed to each person. As the sea had become more calm, and the ship swam well, instantaneous danger was not feared; yet every eye was frequently fixed on the horizon, in hope of espying a sail.

The moment the long-boat had left the ship, the steward, black cook, and several hardened fellows, broke open the lockers, and got out the liquors, which they freely distributed. Madeira, Champagne, and rich Bordeaux cordials, laid in for the cabin passengers, were drunk in reckless profusion. A number of men were soon intoxicated, and by their hallooing, shouting, and singing, rendered the scene more awful.

During the day I had been too much engaged in pumping and working to think of other matters. As soon as I was in the boat, I remembered Catharine Campbell, and entreated the captain to take her aboard. "Thank your stars you are safe yourself. Do you think the parents would be separated from their only child?—and besides, there is no place for another, were it a cat." Several times the little thing had been to the vessel's side, and cried, stretching out her arms, "Do take me with you! do take me, and father, and mother!" No one answered, and at last I turned my head, to avoid seeing suffering that I could not relieve.

As night approached, the captain ordered the painter to be lengthened, and a man with an axe to stand at the bow, ready to cut away in case the ship should founder. The weather was pretty calm, and wearied as I was, I could have slept anywhere, had it not been for the cold, which was doubly felt in our state of exhaustion. It was as much as we could do, by pressing close together, to keep a little heat in our bodies. During the livelong night, shouting, dancing, singing, profane swearing, peals of drunken laughter, intermixed with quarrelling and fighting, were heard from the leaking vessel.

A little after daybreak the wind died away to dead calm. The bosom of the vast circle of clear azure water was smooth as polished crystal, and gently rose, dying away in long undulations. The shades of night still mingled with the dawn in the west; but eastward, a bright pearly hue, intermingled with rosy light, tinged the fleecy clouds, and was reflected on the broad mirror below. At length the swell entirely subsided, and the sun rose in dazzling brilliancy from an unbroken ocean of molten gold. In the midst stood our ship with her white sails hanging loosely against the masts. How soon the human mind becomes apathetic to one continued form of danger! As the sea was still, and the vessel floated well, hope revived within us and our deserted companions. In looking at the young and healthy faces around me, and the beautiful appearance of nature, I in vain tried to realise the proximity of death. We had become quite gay, chatting and joking freely on every passing circumstance. The captain alone partook not of our hilarity. In the first moment of danger, he had exhibited a composure which continued still unchanged. When I intimated to him that the vessel might not sink for some days, he merely compressed his lips and shook his head with a most melancholy expression.

The scene on shipboard disclosed by morning was but a repetition of the preceding evening. The majority of the passengers, still under the influence of liquor, continued their boisterous mirth, while a few others, overwhelmed with the prospect, walked the deck slowly and silently, or were seated immovable pictures of despair. The Campbells, as during the whole voyage, were entirely alone. The husband was sitting to the windward, near the companion-way, with one arm around his wife, and both exhibited an air of firm and dignified composure. Their daughter moved about from place to place, the sea being so calm that the parents permitted her to go at large.

The captain ordered the boat to be drawn near the vessel for a moment, in order to give some directions, and the little girl immediately ran alongside, extending her arms as before, and crying to me, "Won't you take us too? Do, Mr Ferguson—good Mr Ferguson. Won't you take your own little Catharine?" My heart sank within me at the thrilling tones of the child. "I cannot take you, Catharine," I replied. "Would to God I could, my dear." She climbed partly up the bulwark, still entreating, "Pray take us too, good Mr Ferguson." While thus on the very verge, the vessel made a heavy lurch, and the little one was evidently losing her balance. "Take care," shouted every one from the boat and ship, but the caution came too late. She pitched headlong into the sea. I plunged into the water before she had well touched it, and a few rapid strokes brought me up to her. Seizing her by her flowing hair, just as she was sinking, I bore her to the boat. A general huzza greeted my success. Alarmed at the lurch, the captain then dropped off to the full length of the painter, and I could only see the agonised actions of the parents, and their arms stretched towards where their lifeless daughter was borne.

"I thought she was going down," said the captain, looking at the ship, that stood almost as high as ever

out of water; "but I believe, after all, it was a premature fright. The words had hardly passed his lips when the vessel seemed to quiver, and in an instant went down like lead. I have been told and have read of cries and screams from the victims in such cases; but we heard none. In fact, it was as quick as lightning. The waters closed as easily over the sunken bark as if they had never felt the presence of such an inconsiderable atom on their mighty surface. Not an eddy was seen; not a fragment floated.

"Cut the painter," cried the captain; "quick, quick, my lads." The axe was mislaid. There was a moment's pause—a moment of horror; for the next we would be drawn down by the sunken ship. "Knives!" shouted the captain; "has no one a knife?" Two or three sailors' knives were immediately unclasped, and in active operation. The rope tightened, the prow of the boat was depressed, while we all rose up in breathless expectation. The nervous arms of the sailors were plied to the utmost, and the cord, not more than a second before it would have been too late, was severed.

The breeze springing up, the sail of the long-boat was hoisted, and we bore away. During this time, Catharine was slowly recovering. She had swallowed but little water, as her submersion was momentary. When somewhat restored, she inquired, "Where is father and mother?" I could make no reply. She looked round on the water with an affrighted air. "The ship is sunk!" exclaimed she. "Yes, my little girl," replied the captain, with an emotion even he could not suppress; "and all that were in her are sunk also." She threw herself on my neck, and cried bitterly. Seeing her wet and chilled, one of the sailors handed me his pea-jacket, in which I wrapped her, and, exhausted in body and mind, she soon wept herself to sleep in my lap. When, however, she awoke, her lamentations for her "poor father and mother" were renewed.

When things were a little in order, our only cask of biscuits was opened for distribution, but they were found injured by salt water, excepting a few, which were equally divided among us. Water was also doled out, the captain himself pouring it into the cup for each one separately, to prevent the exhausted wretches from taking an undue share. Catharine's eyes followed the cup as it passed round, with an intensity which showed she was dying of thirst, though she uttered not a word. The captain, at my request, put in my portion and hers together. My throat was parched; but I barely bathed my lips, and gave the cup to the pale and suffering child. She swallowed the contents at a draught, and then for the first time looked in my face and smiled. Yet the next instant, burying her face against my breast, she wept again.

All our hopes were in soon falling in with a ship. Since the commencement of our misfortunes, every eye had been frequently stretched round the horizon. As the sun was declining, the breeze freshened, and the water dashed so freely over the sides that we were steadily employed in baling it out. Meanwhile, one of the sailors, in stepping heedlessly over a bench, put his foot on our compass and crushed it to pieces. Without a guide on the trackless ocean, our situation was in truth hopeless. Our provisions were nearly exhausted, and should our boat ride out the night, starvation stared us in the face. The breeze became a strong gale, lightning flashed in the livid clouds, and muttering thunders were heard nearer and nearer. Before sunset, the skies were so enveloped in gloom that a premature twilight had come on. As the water dashed more frequently and abundantly over the gunwale, the captain at last exclaimed, "My friends, it is all over. In less than an hour we will be with those whom we have just seen swallowed up."

The storm soon broke in all its fury, and darkness rendered our situation as dismal as it could possibly be. When all hope was gone, and we expected every moment to go down, our straining eyes caught sight of a vessel lying to. What a relief was this! We hailed the ship, and were speedily rescued from our dreadful situation.

In fifteen days we arrived in New York. On entering the beautiful bay, I felt the full extent of my situation—without money, friends, or acquaintances. But I happened to look at Catharine, and reflected that she was even more desolate, and a female too! "Poor little creature," said I, involuntarily expressing my feelings aloud, "whatever happens, I will not desert you." "I know you will not," replied she, raising her arms to embrace me. "No, never," I exclaimed, with energy.

I was rich in resolutions and wishes, but my whole worldly store consisted of about twenty guineas and my watch. My only clothing was the suit on my back, which was not very new before, and had become thoroughly discoloured by abundant drenchings of sea-water. All my hope was on my friend the captain, and that hope was not misplaced. Before landing, he promised to do his best for me. As soon as he was ashore, he took me with him to the City Hotel. A number of friends called in the evening to congratulate him on his wonderful escape, and he ordered in a quantity of Champagne. In the midst of the hilarity, he fell down and expired in an apoplectic fit. He was a short corpulent man, and the exertions he had undergone, and his anxiety of mind, no doubt hurried the catastrophe.

My only anxiety was now to get employment, hoping that as my diligence and qualifications were known, I could at least make a support. Eventually I found a place at three hundred dollars a-year, in a store of fancy goods in Maiden Lane. This might have been enough

had I been alone; but Catharine was with me, and had any one offered to have taken her, I would have consented reluctantly, in spite of my poverty. In fitting her out with clothing, and myself also, no matter how simply, my guineas were consumed to a fraction. I thought, should it come to the worst, I could raise something more from my watch. I hired a small room in one of the back streets at a hundred dollars a-year, including breakfast and tea. As for dinner, though I regularly left the store apparently for it, a few biscuits and cheese, or something of the kind, sufficed. It took the rest of my salary to board, clothe, and educate my little ward at the neighbouring village of Brooklyn. As I had various small items of expense, the strictest economy could not have kept within my means, had it not been for my skill in copying music, which I had formerly practised much for amusement.

After a lapse of six months, my employer gave me lodgings back of the store, perhaps as much to guard it against thieves as from any other motive. I had served two years, when a couple of hundred dollars was voluntarily added to my salary, and for a moment I felt delighted in the hope of a little more spare time and recreation. My next reflection determined me to persevere in my course of life. At every succeeding visit I had become more and more attached to Catharine, and she appeared devoted to me. She was always on the watch on my visiting days, and would come running towards me with extended arms as far off as she could descry me.

I afterwards sent Catharine to Troy, on the Hudson, where there was a school of great reputation, and directed that no expense should be spared in either the useful or ornamental branches. She took the separation so much to heart, that had not all the arrangements been made and the money paid in advance, I would have yielded to her entreaties. She clung convulsively round my neck, begging me to let her remain, or to go with her. When, however, I explained things to her, she quietly submitted, though her pallid cheek and swelling bosom spoke more distinctly her deep feeling.

After her departure, I used my utmost endeavours to ascertain something about her family. Soon after the shipwreck, I had made some inquiries; but I was in truth a mere boy, unacquainted with business of such a nature. I now wrote to my friends in Europe on the subject, and had advertisements inserted in a number of the London and provincial papers; but without gaining any intelligence whatever.

I had now remained six years in the same establishment, with apparently increasing satisfaction on both sides. Indeed, my employer, from the very beginning, treated me more like a son than a stranger. My wages had also been increased at different times, till I was quite at my ease; especially as my parents continued to send me every year a good supply of clothing, which cost little in Europe, but was valuable here. Originally, my intention was to return to my native country as soon as I had accumulated something; but I had formed many acquaintances, and become so satisfied with my situation, that I began to consider myself as settled for life. In a short time, my employer imparted a share in the business to me, with which I felt perfectly satisfied.

Catharine's education was now completed, and, at the recommendation of the principal of the school, I removed her to the boarding-house of a lady of her acquaintance. My situation with respect to my fair protégée was now somewhat critical. Every evening I visited the house at which she resided. I was extremely fond of music, and she both played on the piano and sung with uncommon sweetness and execution. As there were two other agreeable young ladies in the house, a number of gentlemen were often there. With her beauty and talents, Catharine was quite a belle. I felt uneasy when I saw others near her, or praising her singing and playing. In spite of me, I could not pay her a single compliment, even when I felt all that others said; yet her eyes always sparkled as I entered the room, or if I asked her to sing. She practised the pieces I liked, and bought those I recommended. Whenever a walk was proposed in the evening, she took my arm. At first, I found the young men that visited Catharine pleasant; but afterward, just in proportion as they were talkative or witty, I felt a growing dislike for them, which I in vain tried to repress.

One evening, being unoccupied, I went to see Catharine immediately after dinner. The servant informed me, as I entered, that the family was out, but would soon return. I had often wished to be alone with her; yet my heart throbbed so violently, and my tongue stuck so to the roof of my mouth, that I could scarcely utter a word. She looked confused also.

"Brother," said she, after a momentary pause, "I am happy to speak with you a moment alone. I expect to leave here soon."

"Leave here soon, Catharine!" I exclaimed, starting.

"For mercy's sake, where are you going?"

"I have been too long a pensioner on your bounty, and—"

"Never mention it again, Catharine, if you would not wound my feelings. You have been my greatest—my only happiness."

Her eyes filled with tears; but she assumed some firmness, as if her mind had been made up before. "I feel, my dear brother, the whole extent of your kindness; but I would be unworthy of myself and your generosity, were I to remain a dead weight on your hands, when your liberality has placed me in a condition to support myself. A teacher of music and drawing is wanted in a female school not far from the city, and with the recommendations I can obtain from Troy, I am sure of getting the situation. For the last two years I have laboured indefatigably to fit myself for such a place, and I hope my success has not been contemptible."

I would have interrupted her, but she spoke with a resoluteness which deterred me. Approaching her, I took her hand. "My dear Catharine, I had hoped we should never more be separated." She looked down, as if overcome with emotion.

"You will not now leave me," I continued. "It seems as if fate had united our destinies, and my mind has so dwelt on you alone, that the world would be to me a blank without you."

Catharine turned partly from me, but withdrew not her hand, which tremblingly returned the pressure from mine.

"It is useless to tell you I love you. Will you be mine, Catharine?"

"No," sobbed she, painfully; "I cannot; I will not." My heart was now too full, and it burst forth in spite of me.

"Catharine, I am afraid that you look upon Mr Selwyn with more favour than you do upon me. But I love you too deeply to see you the wife of another; and therefore I must leave you, I must place distance between us," Catharine started. "And do you really love me?" she said. "Is it not mere pity—charity for an orphan?" "Would to God it were!" "Then, indeed, I am happy," she exclaimed, and threw herself weeping on my neck.

The revulsion of my feelings was so sudden, for a moment I was without the power of moving or uttering a word. We soon came to an explanation. Catharine told me, that even at school her fancy had dwelt on me alone, and that as she advanced in age, and saw more of the world, she distrusted her feelings, fearing her childish fondness might strengthen into a deeper affection; and that this at times had rendered her melancholy; and that once, during her stay at school, having heard it reported I was to be married, it had thrown her into fainting fits, which her teachers could not understand. She said, since her residence in New York, though she often flattered herself with having made an impression on me, fears obtruded themselves on her mind, that I, who had already done so much for her, might, out of pure kindness, carry my sense of duty farther; and it was for this reason, that even while her heart bounded with delight at my first avowal, that she, in spite of herself, had rejected me.

Having no one to consult, and few preparations to make, our wedding took place in a short time. Though not wealthy, I was in a condition to keep house with perfect comfort.

Three years had rolled away, when, looking over an English newspaper, I noticed an inquiry for William Malone, his wife, and daughter, who were supposed to have sailed for New South Wales or the United States nine years before. I could remember no such person, yet the name seemed familiar to me. At last it struck me that I had seen it in one of two volumes given to me by Catharine's father, which were in my pocket at the time of the shipwreck. I hunted up the book, and sure enough I found "William Malone" written on the margin of one of the pages, partly erased. I then examined the other book presented me by Campbell, which I had indeed never opened before, and discovered "Catharine Dormer" clearly enough, though attempts had been made to efface it. While holding the volumes in my hand, three silhouettes fell out, on which were inscribed in pencil, "William Malone, Catharine Malone, and Catharine Dormer Malone." The last was of a little girl. I informed Catharine of my discovery, and told her I hoped it would enable me to trace out her family. She immediately showed me a small gold locket she had always worn, bearing the letters C. D. M., which we supposed might mean the name on the small silhouette.

As the investigation might be a long and troublesome one, I resolved to go to Europe, especially as our mercantile affairs rendered it desirable. On arriving in England, Catharine and I went to Exeter, where the advertisement was dated. I there ascertained that a young man, of great respectability but no fortune, named William Malone, had made a runaway match with the only daughter of a Mr Dormer, a wealthy landholder; that after expending what little he had, and failing in his attempts at farming, the husband had left Exeter with his wife and a young daughter; but no one knew where he had gone. The father and mother of Malone had both died soon after the departure of their only child, and recently Dormer was also deceased; leaving, in the hour of final repentance, the whole of his fortune to his daughter and her issue. The executors of Malone, the father, readily permitted me to examine his papers. Among them I discovered a letter, in which William Malone informed his parents that he would sail the next day from Greenock for New York—the day exactly on which I had left Europe.

All this satisfied me pretty well of the parentage of Catharine. Many persons also were struck with her strong resemblance to William Malone; but legal proof was wanting, and nothing else would answer, as there were distant relatives well disposed to contend to the utmost for the property.

When I had almost despaired of success, I was told that John Cradock, a faithful old servant, had accompanied William Malone's family when they left Exeter, but had never returned. I immediately went to Greenock, to try and trace him out. There I ascertained that a John Cradock had been a servant in one of the principal inns, but that he had sailed some years ago for America; and that as he was an old man in infirm health, was probably dead. My informant stated, he had indeed heard a rumour that Cradock was living in New York in great indigence. I now employed an eminent counsellor, who told me that he had strong hopes of establishing my wife's parentage; but at the same time told me candidly that my proof was not so conclusive that a jury would give a verdict in my favour. He advised me, before bringing an action, to discover John Cradock, if possible, as he was probably the only one that could prove that Campbell was an assumed name. This I immediately did.

Upwards of two months had elapsed since I had written to America, when one morning a well-known old New York beggar entered my room. I inquired what wonder had brought him to Europe. "I have," said he, "a letter from your partner which will explain every thing." The letter stated that the bearer, John Cradock, had

been immediately found in New York, where he had been taken with the rheumatism on his first landing, and from whence he had never travelled; and that he had willingly agreed to return to his native land for a small gratuity.

When I asked the old man if he knew William Campbell, he burst into tears. "Did I know him?" he exclaimed. "What do you know about him?"

I entreated him to speak freely, as my question sprang from no idle or impertinent curiosity.

"Yes," said the old man, "I saw him on board when he left his country, and received from him what I have carried with me ever since. He pressed me to accept his watch, but I would have died sooner than have robbed him of all he had left." Here Cradock drew from his pocket a small Morocco box, and took from it a miniature in an ebony frame. Notwithstanding the length of time, I immediately recognised the features of Catharine's father.

"And was Campbell his real name?" I inquired.

"No matter what it was," firmly answered the mendicant. "The sea rolls over every thing connected with him, and the secret I promised to keep shall be as still as his rest."

Just then Catharine entered the room, but seeing us apparently occupied, instantly withdrew. "For mercy's sake!" exclaimed the old man, "who is that young lady?" "She is my wife, and the daughter of William Campbell."

"How! was he not then lost at sea? I thought the whole were wrecked?" "No," the father and mother perished, but I saved the daughter you have just seen." "Then one of the names of Malone still exists?" "William Campbell and William Malone were then the same?"

"They were. Bowed down by poverty, he hoped to better his fortune abroad, and, perhaps out of false pride, changed his name, that his degradation, should he continue unfortunate, might not reach his acquaintances, and particularly his hard-hearted father-in-law. I followed him to Greenock, and would have crossed the water with him had he not positively refused. No one but his father and mother knew his destination, nor did they even know the name he assumed."

My chain of evidence was now perfectly clear, as it was not difficult to prove by my fellow-passengers, some of whom lived in New York, that Catharine was the daughter of Campbell, and the manner of his death. Indeed, so conclusive was the proof, that my wife's property, which is considerable, was given up without a contest. I shall renounce business as speedily as I can well wind up my affairs; but I shall return to America, and take up my residence there for life.

UPON POISONS AND POISONING.

The animal poisons, which first come under our notice, include the sting and bite of certain animals, and others when taken internally as food. And, first, of the bite of serpents—a very large class of reptiles, of which, however, Plencé assures us that only twenty-four species are venomous. Of these, Europe has only five, and Britain, happily, but one—the common viper or adder. There is a marked difference between the teeth of the innocuous and poisonous snakes: in the former there are four rows, two towards the palate and two towards the front of the jaw; while in the poisonous kinds there are only two of these parallel rows—namely, the palatine teeth—and, instead of the others, there are simply two large fangs projecting towards the edge of the mouth, and these are the poisonous fangs. The venom of these animals is contained in a bag situated on both sides of the head, which, when the animal intends to bite, it presses, by means of a muscular arrangement for the purpose, and the poison flows from it along a duct to the base of the tooth, which is moveable, very sharp, and hollowed throughout its length; through this canal the poison progresses, and issues into the wound by the opening which is near its end, for the point of the tooth itself is hard and solid. If these fangs be removed, or their structure destroyed, the animal is rendered harmless; and thus mountebanks are wont, whenever they suffer vipers to bite them before spectators, to stop with cement the perforations of the teeth, or destroy the glands in which the poison is secreted. The only venomous serpent in Britain, as we have already mentioned, is the viper, and the power of that reptile is so slight and feeble, as not in general to endanger the life of man. Small animals may be killed by a viper, but its bite does not usually kill a dog; according to the experiments of Forster, it requires three or four viper bites to kill a dog. Circumstances, however, such as great debility of body, disturbance and irregularity of the digestive apparatus, or unusual heat of the season, have sometimes led to fatal results in the human subject.

In the treatment of injuries of this kind, the principal object is to prevent the passage of the poison from the wounded part into the body; and hence it is of advantage to apply a tight ligature above the bite; that is, between it and the heart. This of course is only advisable to be done immediately after the accident; for if swelling has taken place, it is likely to do more harm than good. The part is to be most carefully washed, so as to remove all venomous matter, and then the surface of the wound may be pared out with a sharp penknife; at any rate, it should be well scarified and laid open, to afford the opportunity of more complete ablation. These means will generally suffice when the bite has been inflicted by the British viper; but with regard to other species,

the symptoms which come on are so serious, the rapidity of their progress so great and so fatal, that very little can be done. Besides the means we have recommended, powerful stimulants are to be given internally, and the best perhaps is hartshorn. In the East Indies, the natives administer a remedy which has been called the *Tanjore pile*, the chief ingredient of which has been discovered to be arsenic; but such means scarcely any but a medical man would be justified in resorting to.

It is somewhat singular that the poison of serpents should be perfectly inert when taken into the stomach; a fact, however, which appears to have been known from the earliest ages, when such wounds were sucked with impunity; and we learn that, when Cato marched the remains of Pompey's army through Africa, he wisely informed the soldiers that they might drink of the waters that contained serpents without injury to themselves. Thus, the bite of a single viper will very speedily deprive a pigeon of life, and a single bite by no means exhausts the whole poison of the gland; but a piece of bread moistened with the whole of the poison of ten vipers, and given to a pigeon, will produce no effect. To be effectual, therefore, it is necessary that the poison of serpents should be applied to a recent wound. It may be applied to the surface of the body without any harm accruing.

The bite of many foreign snakes is attended with peculiarly dreadful consequences. The author of the *Excursions in New South Wales*, speaking of the result of a bite from the death or deaf adder, says, "Immediately decomposition commenced, and, in a very short space of time, the body was in such a state that it was with difficulty removed to where the grave had been dug. My informant," he says, "who had been twenty-two years in the colony, emphatically added, that when a person is bitten by a death adder, he has scarcely time to exclaim, 'Lord have mercy upon me!' before he becomes a lifeless corpse. It is affirmed that, in Africa," continues this author, "there are several, the bite of which causes a most horrible death. The person bitten feels drowsy, and the form melts at once into a mass of putrefaction. The burning snake of India can cause instant death, the blood flowing from the eyes, nose, mouth, and ears, and exuding from the pores. An American serpent, called *de la cruz*, is said to kill in the same manner; finally, the bite of the *najer* is represented to be so fatal, that a person bitten by one will die in the course of half an hour." But these are foreign to our present purpose, and we shall proceed to the bite of rabid or mad animals; at the head of which stands the dog.

The term hydrophobia, which means a fear of water, is applied to that dreadful, and as far as our present knowledge extends, invariably fatal disease, arising from the bite of rabid animals, and produced in the human frame by the introduction of a poison peculiar to animals affected with canine madness. This poison is introduced with the saliva; that is, the saliva of animals labouring under the disease acquires the dreadful property of communicating it to man or other animals when infused into their system. We will not in this place inquire if any other fluid than the saliva can communicate the disease; we believe there is none, nor do we think that the perspiration or breath of an infected animal can communicate it, and still less do we think it ever arises spontaneously; but these discussions do not accord with our present purpose. The dog, wolf, fox, cat, with the horse, ass, mule, cow, sheep, pig, and perhaps the goat, are liable to hydrophobia; but there is reason for believing the disease can only be communicated by the dog, wolf, fox, and cat. The wolf suffers much from the disease; and the late Duke of Richmond lost his life in consequence of hydrophobia contracted from the bite of a fox in Canada. When a dog labours under the complaint, his manner becomes much altered; he is peevish and sullen; he scarcely will notice those to whom he has been accustomed; he will get away from home and wander about. He will not go out of his way to attack individuals or brute animals, but he is very apt to bite those who come across him. He picks up and swallows small objects; straw, bits of grass, and dirty substances of any kind. When he is tied up, and towards the latter period of the complaint, he will gnaw and bite the objects around him; he will grow angry, and become very wild in his appearance; his jaws are continually covered with tough saliva; and at last he dies in all the horrors of confirmed madness. The disease is usually communicated to the human subject by a bite; in fact, the saliva of a rabid animal must be brought into contact with a recent wound, or with an ulcer or abraded surface; and it is not absolutely necessary that this should be done through the medium of a bite. Not long ago, a lady of rank had a French poodle, of which she was very fond, and allowed to lick her face. She had a small pimple on her chin, of which she had rubbed off the top; and allowing the dog to indulge in its usual caresses, it licked this pimple, of which the surface was exposed, and thus she acquired the disease of hydrophobia, of which she died. Wounds are not equally effective in conveying the poison, particularly if a person is bitten on a part covered with clothes; in which case the teeth of the animal are in a manner wiped or cleaned by passing through the cloth. An interval of time elapses between the infliction of the wound and the appearance of any symptoms; generally speaking, the disease shows itself between the thirtieth and fortieth day. The only symptom to which we shall al-

lude, is an extraordinary aversion or dread of drink which seizes the unfortunate patient; this, when added to the excessive degree of salivation with which it is accompanied, leave no doubt as to the cause.

With regard to the treatment of hydrophobia, we know of none; but much may be done in the way of prevention; and the means we are about to recommend, should be put in practice after every, or any bite, no matter how slight, that is received from a dog or other animal. They are simple in themselves, and will generally prevent much fear and anxiety, if not on the part of the patient, among his friends and connections. Very hot water should be poured from a teakettle into the wound, the vessel being held four or five feet above it; if a common syringe, or squirt, is at hand, the water should be injected into the wound; and this ablution should be carried on for three or four hours. Burning the part with caustic is not a safe method, as we cannot be certain of applying it to the whole wound; and some of the saliva may perhaps escape being touched with it. Indeed, the only plan entirely to be depended upon, is cutting out the bitten part; taking care that all the flesh with which the animal's teeth came in contact be removed. If this be effectually done, there can be no fear of hydrophobia; and if a medical man or qualified person cannot be procured within an hour or two, during which time the mode of washing we have recommended is to be persevered in, any body with a sharp penknife might proceed with the operation; by doing so, the patient may be saved from a death most terrible to the individual, and most appalling to those interested in his wellbeing.

We have three species of wasp in Britain—the hornet, the common wasp, and the small wasp—each of which possesses the property of producing by its sting violent and painful inflammation; there are also seven species of the genus *apis*; the most remarkable of which are the small field-bee, the common hive-bee, the humble-bee, and the great humble-bee. The single sting of any of these cannot be regarded as attended with danger; and the same means of relief as recommended for the bites of vipers, may here also be employed. The supposed power of the toad to spit out a poisonous fluid, has, by many experiments, been so satisfactorily refuted, that we need not enter upon the subject: this poor animal, though vilified and traduced, is perfectly innocuous.

With regard to poisonous fishes, and especially of the more common one, the murex, we are inclined to think that much depends upon the unhealthy condition of the animal, and the peculiar habit of body of the individual eating it. Every body is aware that one person may harmlessly eat of a fish which disagrees with another; and also, that substances the least putrescent, as long-kept game &c. are highly injurious. But much obscurity attends this department of our subject; we know, however, that the softest kinds of fish become soonest putrid, and hence we see the policy of the Hebrew legislator—"whatsoever hath no fins nor scales in the waters, that shall be an abomination unto you."

If a case of poisoning from eating fish should present itself, we cannot do better than administer an emetic, and the best is a teaspoonful of mustard in a tumbler of warm water; and this should be followed by a smart purgative dose.

We now come to a consideration of those poisons which belong to the vegetable kingdom. In this department of our subject, we may begin with the poisonous vegetable substances which are found growing wild among our hedges, our plains, our woods, and hills, and which may become the agents of much uneasiness, or even death, to the unsuspecting and unwary. And, first, of a very common plant in England, but rare in Scotland, and of a highly poisonous nature—the wild vine or bryony (*Bryonia dioica*); the flowers of which are greenish, with small red berries, and a spindle-shaped root, like a radish or carrot, which has a very fetid smell: it was formerly employed in medicine, but is now banished from the pharmacopoeia. A small quantity of it is poisonous, producing violent inflammation of the bowels. Of the several species of ranunculus, common every where, the same may be said; and many unpleasant accidents have been occasioned by them. So powerful is the action of these plants, that, when bruised and applied to the skin, they cause small ulcers to arise; and thus beggars often employ them as a means of exciting commiseration. So common is this practice, that, on the Continent, the ranunculuses or buttercups have obtained the name of *herbe aux gueux*, or beggar's plants. They carry with them, however, a punishment for those who use them, as the sores they create are both painful and difficult to heal. The anemone is another poisonous plant; and the *Caltha palustris*, the marsh marigold, or Mayflower, is a powerful acrid. The stavessac (*Delphinium staphysagria*) and the clematis—

—"The favoured flower,

Which boasts the name of virgin's bower"

must also be avoided, as well as all the daffodil tribe. The mezerion is a poisonous species of *Daphne*, which all must have admired in March, when, as Cowper sings, it is,

"Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset
With blushing wreaths, investing every spray."

The singular beauty of the berries of this plant has often tempted children to eat of them, and sometimes

caused their death. Linnæus says that six berries will kill a wolf, and he once saw a girl die from eating twelve of them.

The subject of Vegetable Poisons will be concluded, along with a notice of poisons of a mineral nature, in a subsequent article.

SCOTTIE.

It has been already shown, in the article entitled the *Sheepstealing Dog*, that crimes of great magnitude seldom occur amongst the rustic people of Peebles-shire, and that, when they do occur, they invariably create a great sensation, and are long remembered. About twenty years ago, an individual of the generally decent and respectable class of farm-servants attracted the notice of the community in this sequestered region, by a series of daring and dexterous robberies, as well as by the ingenuity with which for a time he contrived to baffle the search of justice. *Scottie*—such was the familiar name of this person, and it would be a pity to mar its impish effect by mentioning the real one—was a native of Hawick, but for many years had been settled in the neighbourhood of Peebles. He was a little thickset fellow, of great personal strength, and an excellent servant in every point over and above honesty. For instance, he could sow with both hands, and thus finish a whole "rig" at one walk. It is also related of him, with something like the same wonder which usually garnishes a tale of Wallace, that, being interrupted one day in ploughing by the sickness of a horse, he was found next morning, to his master's great surprise, between the stils as usual, the place of the horse being supplied by the bull, which, by an almost incredible exertion of strength and ingenuity, he had compelled to pass beneath the yoke. Though a married man with a family, he was very "regardless" in speech, which was considered as almost his only fault, till greater ones were discovered. It was afterwards ascertained, that from his earliest years he had been addicted to pilfering, inasmuch that he could not pass any house whatever without devising ways and means for robbing it. He experienced, indeed, a kind of torment from the restless activity of his predatory disposition, which haunted him with schemes innumerable, at times when his prudence knew there were no proper means of satisfying it. Under an impression that the proceedings of such a singular being in the midst of a scene of rural simplicity and honesty, may supply details for the gratification of a philosophical curiosity, without doing any harm, we have taken some pains to make ourselves acquainted with them, and shall now lay them before our readers.

The first "place" we are aware of his having occupied in Tweeddale, was that of ploughman at the Whitehaugh (a farm belonging to Sir John Hay, about a mile from Peebles), where, as is usual with married farm-servants, he dwelt in a small cottage near his master's house. So slight were the depredations he committed in this place, that they were only with difficulty recollected afterwards, when his character had become matter of public fame. He was very active, however, among the neighbouring farms, and hardly a milk-house within four or five miles escaped being broken into, and cheese carried off. He likewise was a thorough adept in cow-milking. It was his common practice to steal out at the dead of night with a pail, and, gaining an entrance to the loosely secured byres, there contrived to ease every cow in the stalls of a small portion of its milk. He was cunning enough to take only a little from every cow, so that a suspicion of the cows being milked never once entered the mind of the farmers and their wives and servants. From these beginnings in crime, great deeds in time followed.

Some time after Scottie had left the Whitehaugh for the Park, a farm at no great distance, a travelling haberdasher, who carried his goods in a caravan, came to the former farm-house, and, according to his wont, took up his lodgings there for the night. The carriage containing his goods, which was placed at the end of the house, was found next morning, to the great alarm of the household, to have been robbed of clothes and trinkets to a very large amount. Scottie, it afterwards appeared, had executed this robbery with his customary ingenuity. He had come about midnight, when he knew every one would be asleep, and seeing there would be danger in touching the caravan so near the bedroom windows of his former master, he had rolled it away to a considerable distance, having first, however, twisted a number of short straw ropes, which he bound round the wheels to prevent them from making a noise. He then broke open the cart, and abstracted as many of the most valuable articles, including some silver watches, as he could conveniently carry away. Every attempt to discover the perpetrator or mode of this robbery proved for a long time vain.

Scottie now settled himself with his family in the

town of Peebles, and undertook only occasional labour. While here, he committed a burglary under very remarkable circumstances. The store-cellars of a respectable grocer were situated in a close behind his shop, and were accessible both in that quarter and from an alley on the other side, the latter being a thoroughfare. One very stormy night, Scottie proceeded to the place with a horse and cart, which he stationed in Eddlestone Water, near the bottom of the alley. He then made a detour, and, coming down the alley, gave the storehouse door one heavy blow with a forehammer, the noise of which might readily be supposed by the neighbours to be occasioned in some manner by the wind. Passing on, and making the same detour, he came once more down the alley, and gave one more heavy knock with his hammer. Again and again he did this, till the lock gave way, and admission was gained. He then carried off a great quantity of soap, sugar, spirits, and other matters, with which he loaded his cart. When satisfied, so far as it was possible for such a person to be so, he drove the vehicle up the water for a little way, and landed at a place where carts were in the practice of crossing; thus taking care that there should be no trace of wheels in the neighbourhood of the alley, or from that place to his own house, where he proceeded to deposit his ill-gotten stores.

Some years after the robbery at the Whitehaugh, the same honest travelling-merchant was despoiled, under exactly similar circumstances, at the farm-house of Lochurd, in the western part of the county. Scottie had tracked Mr Tait and his caravan or cart from Skirling fair, and, after possessing himself of a new supply of goods, hid a large portion of them under the thatch of the stacks, while the more valuable he deposited in Golanberry Wood, on the property of Sir Thomas Gibson Carmichael. It happened, however, that, some time before this event, Tait had seen him mowing in a field on the farm of Bonnington, and had his suspicion excited by observing, in the back of Scottie's waistcoat, which the coat usually covered, a piece of flannel which he knew to have been part of the goods which had been abstracted at the Whitehaugh. He therefore conceived himself justified in apprehending Scottie upon a justice's warrant. With all his dexterity, Scottie was weak in general character, little acquainted with the ways of the world, and withal of that timid spirit which prompts a crouching under danger as the best means of avoiding it. He therefore made a full confession, and offered immediately to give up the whole of the goods lately stolen, evidently supposing that he would thus make his peace with justice. He even became jocose with Mr Tait, whom he had known familiarly in former years, and remarked with great coolness, "Loah, Geordie, ye never hae ony siller i' your pack." Tait accompanied him to the stackyard of Lochurd, where several webs were found, and afterwards to Golanberry Wood, on entering which he told the party that "the yolk o' the matter," that is, the better part of the spoil, lay here. On the injured merchant expressing himself satisfied as to the completeness of the surrender, Scottie turned to him briskly, and, in a friendly and candid tone, said, "Now, Geordie, am I no an honest man?"—an expression which has ever since been proverbial in that part of the country. To his own great disappointment, he was manacled and brought down to the jail of Peebles.

It was on a wintry day at the end of the year 1809, that Scottie made his celebrated escape from this place of confinement. He was in the act of dressing himself, and had not yet put on his coat, when the entrance of the jailor's wife with his morning's mess of porridge presented him what he thought a good opportunity of breaking his bonds. He accordingly thrust the woman aside, rushed down stairs, and scampered along the neighbouring bridge as fast as he could, crying to the few loungers who stood in his way, to let him run, as it was for life! He thus cleared the town in a minute, and, chancing to find a horse at water at the farther end of the bridge, under the charge of a boy, he leaped on its back, and galloped off in the direction of Manor, hardly any one attempting to follow him. The horse was found at no great distance, having apparently been abandoned on account of the snow, which lay too deeply on the ground to allow of its passing freely. But Scottie himself could only be traced farther by the furrow he left in the snow, tinged, it was said, here and there with blood. It was alleged that he made a double far up Manor Water, in order to mislead pursuit; but this cannot be stated with certainty. It is known, however, that he spent the first night at the lonely shieling of Glensax in Newby Hope. The local interest excited by his escape was very great, and there was now far more pity for the misery which he must be enduring from the inclemency of the season, than there had been commiseration for his fate as a prisoner in danger of the law. On the second night, between twelve and one o'clock, the goodman and goodwife of the Whitehaugh heard a tapping at their bedroom window, and, on inquiring who was there, heard a dolorous voice saying, "It's me—it's your Scottie—oh let me in—I'm deen' o' cauld and hunger!" The worthy farmer immediately got up, and, under the impulse of benevolence, was about to admit the unhappy wretch, when his wife, who saw danger to good fame in such a proceeding, interposed, and prevailed upon him to limit his kindness to a temporary succour. On going to the window and looking

out, they saw the poor creature still in the half dress in which he had made his escape, and were told, in the voice of misery itself, that his shoes were in tatters, and his stockings were masses of ice. Directing him to wait in the shed till they should come to him, they hastily gathered a few articles which they thought would be of service in his present distressed condition, and to these they forthwith made him welcome, but upon the express condition that he should not remain where he was. The lady advised him to give himself up, as he was almost sure to be taken, and by his present course was only encountering much unnecessary pain. But this he could not think of doing. "Oh, no, mistress," said he; "they'll hang me."

Scottie, nevertheless, concealed himself for a long time at the Whitehaugh, though without the knowledge of its truly respectable tenants. Being perfectly acquainted with the place, he had stolen back some time after, and formed a kind of nest for himself within a long peas-stack, which, being erected with a very roomy hollow for air, was peculiarly well adapted to the purpose. When, in the course of summer, the stack was cut down, Scottie was found to have dug upwards and sideways, and thus made a kind of bed, in which were a plaid, a nightcap, and a large "rune" for defence. A most characteristic circumstance was the finding of a lot of undressed quills, which the wretch had evidently plucked from the geese through the mere spirit of appropriation, as he could not possibly have any use for them. It was generally believed, that, while here, he often visited his family by night, at their house in Peebles.

His subsequent career may be briefly related. After serving for some time as a labourer in Dumfriesshire, where he disguised himself by fixing on a new crop of hair with pitch, he was seized in the act of breaking a house at Moffat, which he supposed to be unoccupied. Being then brought to trial at Jedburgh for his first robbery, he obtained a restriction of the libel by confession, and was condemned to transportation for life. It is to be hoped, that, in the country to which he was conveyed, he has applied his ingenuity to purposes better calculated for his own advantage, and that of his fellow-creatures, than any he seemed ever to have in view in the scene of his earlier years.

THE LONDON PRESS.

MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT.

In continuation of a late article which treated of the capital employed in the management of the London newspapers, we proceed to give an outline of the mechanical means by which these organs of public intelligence are produced. Formerly, ordinary presses were employed to work the whole of these sheets, from that which circulated a few hundreds to that which circulated as many thousands. As only about 250 sheets can be printed, and that on one side only, in an hour, it may readily be supposed, that if a single press had alone been employed for some of the papers of larger circulation, the news would have been old, and another intelligencer ready to be issued, before the whole of the subscribers were supplied. As a partial remedy of this inconvenience, more than one set of types were set up, and more than one press employed in throwing off; but this was at once an expensive and most imperfect process. The nature of the old printing-press, in fact, set a kind of limit to the circulation of a newspaper, and it was long anxiously desired that means might be devised for extending its powers.

We have understood that, about twenty years ago, a proprietor of the Times newspaper employed a German mechanist, named Koenig, to construct a machine which should supply an increased number of impressions within a given time. After repeated failures, and the incurring of much expense, the attempt succeeded so far, that about twelve or thirteen hundred entire impressions were produced in an hour; a number which subsequent improvements have more than doubled. For a history and description, however, of the printing-machine—that splendid step in the march of literature—we may refer to the 35th number of *Chambers's Information for the People*, article ART OF PRINTING. In order to convey some idea of an establishment in which a printing-machine is employed, we present the account of the Times office, given by Mr Babbage, in his *Economy of Machinery and Manufactures*:

"The establishment of the Times newspaper," says he, "is an example, on a large scale, of a manufactory, in which the division of labour, both mental and bodily, is admirably illustrated, and in which also the effect of the domestic economy is well exemplified. It is scarcely imagined, by the thousands who read that paper in various quarters of the globe, what a scene of organised activity the factory presents during the whole night, or what a quantity of talent and mechanical skill is put in action for their amusement and information. Nearly one hundred persons are employed in this establishment; and during the session of Parliament, at least twelve reporters are constantly attending the Houses of Commons and Lords; each in his turn, after about an hour's work, retiring to translate into ordinary writing the speech he has just heard and noted in short-hand. In the meantime,

fifty compositors are constantly at work, some of whom have already set up the beginning, whilst others are committing to type the yet undried manuscript of the continuation of a speech, whose middle portion is travelling to the office in the pocket of the hasty reporter, and whose eloquent conclusion is perhaps at that very moment making the walls of St Stephen's vibrate with the applause of its hearers. These congregated types, as fast as they are composed, are passed in portions to other hands, till at last the scattered fragments of the debate, forming, when united with the ordinary matter, eight and forty columns, re-appear in regular order on the platform of the printing-press. The hand of man is now too slow for the demands of his curiosity, but the power of steam comes to his assistance. Ink is rapidly supplied to the moving types by the most perfect mechanism; four attendants incessantly introduce the edges of large sheets of white paper to the junction of two great rollers, which seem to devour them with unsated appetite; other rollers convey them to the type already inked, and having brought them into rapid and successive contact, redeliver them to four other assistants, completely printed by the almost momentary touch. Thus, in one hour, 4000 sheets of paper are printed on one side; and an impression of 12,000 copies, from above 300,000 moveable pieces of metal, is produced for the public in six hours!"

It should be mentioned that at present there are two printing-machines of the largest size in the Times office; one being devoted to the printing of the first side of the paper, and the other being devoted to the printing of the second. This causes an immense acceleration in the process of taking the impressions.

One of the most remarkable characteristics of modern newspapers, as compared with the older ones, is the formidable extension of their size. The restriction upon the size of newspapers was abolished some years ago, and the opportunity was eagerly seized by the more enterprising proprietors of the daily journals to enlarge their sheets, without at the same time charging any thing additional for the increased quantity of reading. Of the enormous mass of matter now contained in some of these journals, the following description of the Times, given at the time by a contemporary print, upon a second enlargement of the former in 1829, may give our readers some idea:—"The Times, this day, instead of giving a supplementary sheet, is printed upon one entire sheet of paper, measuring four feet in length and three in breadth, and containing forty-eight columns of matter, of which rather more than thirty are filled with advertisements, being considerably upwards of 90,000 words. There are fifteen columns of reports and news of various kinds printed in small type, and containing more than 45,000 words, and about three columns in the larger type, containing more than 6000 words; so that there are nearly 150,000 words in the paper. This quantity of matter would form considerably more than a thick octavo volume of any of the modern works as they are now printed. Indeed, on calculating the quantity of one of the most recent, and by no means the least closely printed, we find that the contents of the Times of this day, if printed in the same manner, would exceed by eighty pages the contents of the volume we have examined. On referring to one of the earliest newspapers in this country, we find its contents to be equal to less than 1-100th part of the Times of this day. Considering the shortness of time which must have elapsed between the commencement and the termination of the labours of getting up such a sheet, the number of hands employed in every department can have fallen little short of one hundred. There may be some who will dread the task of getting through an octavo volume at their breakfast table." It must here be mentioned that the Times is by no means the largest paper in London; some of the weekly papers containing more than double the quantity above stated. The price of these papers, however, is generally much larger than that of the daily ones.

After the papers are printed off, those on the establishment have no trouble with their distribution or otherwise. They are taken by the publisher, and disposed of to two classes of individuals—the news-vendors and the news-agents. The former purchase them for ready money at something less than sixpence each, and supply the local readers at the regular charge of sevenpence; the difference of price being their profit. The news-agents are a highly respectable class of individuals, who supply newspapers regularly to such individuals in town and country as may be pleased to order them. They are responsible for all risk to the proprietors; their only remuneration being the same difference of price at which the news-vendors purchase and sell the papers. Through these

• Mr Babbage adds, in a footnote to the above passage—"The author, with one of his friends, was recently induced to visit this most interesting establishment after midnight, and during the progress of a very interesting debate. The place was illuminated with gas, and was light as day; there was neither noise nor bustle; and the visitors were received with such calm and polite attention, that they did not until afterwards become sensible of the inconvenience which such intruders, at a moment of the greatest pressure, must occasion; nor reflect that the tranquillity they admired was the result of intense and regulated occupation. But the effect of such checks in the current of business will appear, on reflecting, that, as 4000 newspapers are printed off on one side within the hour, every minute is attended with a loss of 66 impressions. The quarter of an hour, therefore, which the stranger may think it not unreasonable to claim for the gratification of his curiosity (and to him this time is but a moment) may cause a failure in the delivery of 1000 copies, and disappoint a proportionate number of expectant readers in some of our distant towns, to which the morning papers are dispatched by the earliest and most rapid conveyances of each day."

agents, too, almost all advertisements are transmitted for the paper, upon which they receive a commission.

We will not attempt to give a calculation of the individual circulation of the various London journals, or even of their total amount, as such statement is liable to be very erroneous. We cannot err far, however, in giving the following statement from the Times, respecting its own circulation and that of several of its contemporaries, in 1829, by which some idea may be gleaned respecting the magnitude and importance of the London press, even in a financial point of view. It says—"We have been requested by the gentleman interested to publish the following statement:—

Upwards of L.53 000 is annually contributed to the revenue by one individual. Mr Clement, proprietor of the Morning Chronicle, who possesses the largest newspaper establishment in London, paid last year, between January 1st and December 31st, 1828, for stamp and excise duties for that journal and his three weekly papers, no less than L.53,500. The number of fourpenny stamps (which is the red mark at the corner of every paper) was 2,735,865; Mr Clement's consumption being more than one-tenth part of the stamps used by all the newspapers printed in England, of which there are printed in London 49, and in the country 151, together with daily and weekly journals 200, consuming, according to the Parliamentary return, about 25,000,000 of fourpenny stamps. The quantity of paper used was 5471 reams; each ream weighed 40 lbs.; the excise on which was 10s. the ream.

The number of advertisements inserted in Mr Clement's papers in the year was 29,633; the duty upon each advertisement being 3s. 6d. Thus the sums paid to the revenue by Mr Clement's newspaper concern in the past year of 1828, were—

2,735,868 news stamps	L.45,597 15 0
Duty on 29,638 advertisements, at 3s. 6d.	5,185 15 6
Excise on 5471 reams of paper, at 10s.	2,735 10 0

Total L.53,519 0 6

We had never intended again to obtrude what may be called our own private concerns on public attention, but the insertion of the previous paragraph at the request of Mr Clement, makes it almost a sort of duty in ourselves to take the opportunity of placing a counter-statement before our readers. Mr Clement is the proprietor of four newspapers, and the total amount of his contributions on the four is L.53,519, 0s. 6d. We will shortly oppose to this the contribution to the revenue of the Times alone, and will adopt the method of calculation used by Mr Clement:—

News stamps, 3,046,500	L.48,516 13 4
Duty on 92,969 advertisements, at 3s. 6d.	16,269 11 6
Excise on 6093 reams of paper	3,351 3 0

Total L.68,137 7 10

leaving an excess in favour of the Times alone, over the four papers published by Mr Clement, of L.14,618, 7s. 4d. We will not do so invidious a thing as point out the enormous excess of contribution paid by the Times over any one of the four journals alluded to."

It must be observed, that the above calculation was made previous to the reduction of the tax of 3s. 6d. on every advertisement to 1s. 6d., by a late act of Parliament. What effect that alteration has had on this source of the revenue, we have no means of ascertaining.

THE "TERROR BY NIGHT."

For a considerable number of years, particularly since Canadian timber came into such extensive use in the construction of dwellings, the common house bug, or *Cimex lectularius*, has been rapidly on the increase in all parts of Britain. "In no part of London (according to the Monthly Magazine) are these noxious insects to be met with in such abundance as in the new houses erected in the Regent's Park, into which they have been introduced in the American timber employed in their construction. On examining the timber as it comes from the ship (continues this authority) it will be found that the bugs absolutely fill up the crevices." With regard to the accuracy of this statement regarding the introduction of bugs into the metropolis, we are unable to say any thing; but certainly the circumstance merits the attention of those connected with the erection of dwellings in all parts of the country. In most cases, we believe, a good solution of oil paint will be found a thorough preventive of the approach of such nauseous vermin. It will no doubt seem strange to many a one how these insects could subsist in timber brought from such great distances as Canada or Norway, or endure an exposure to the atmosphere during a winter in this country, which must often be the case. We apprehend that the animal is more frequently introduced in the clefts of the timber in a dormant or unhatched state, and therefore in a form not susceptible of injury from cold. We remember of once conversing with a gentleman who had travelled and resided some time in America, who told us, that, in wandering through the woods, he has found his clothes covered

with insects, which he considered, from their appearance and their bite, to be of the common bug species. Such creatures (along with mosquitoes) form one of the most serious drawbacks upon comfort in some of the American settlements, and it is there exceedingly difficult to prevent their introduction into the dwellings. One of the best precautions in this respect, whether in this country or America, would consist in carefully cleaning all the timbers to be employed in the erection of houses, especially avoiding the use of any of the outside parts of the wood.

The timber in which these insects have been found is the pine, of which there are many varieties. America abounds in the finest specimens of this tribe of trees; among others are the *Pinus balsamea*, Balm of Gilead Fir, Fir Balsam, or American Silver Fir; the *Pinus Canadensis*, or Hemlock Spruce; *Pinus nigra*, Black or Double Spruce, from which spruce beer is made; the *Pinus rubra*; the *Pinus alba*, or White Spruce; *Pinus resinosa*, the Pitch Pine; *Pinus Banksiana*, the Scrub or Grey Pine; and *Pinus strobus*, the Weymouth pine. But of all the known pines, that which has been recently discovered to the westward of the Rocky Mountains is the most remarkable. This most princely of the genus, perhaps the finest specimen of American vegetation, attains the enormous height of from one hundred and seventy to two hundred and twenty feet, with a trunk twenty to fifty feet in circumference. This very beautiful kind of pine is placed at too great a distance from the coast to be of value for exportation. The pines usually cut down and exported to Britain are from the great forests bordering on the principal rivers issuing into the St Lawrence. They are selected and cut by parties of axemen termed lumberers, who proceed on this errand into the woods in large bodies, provided with utensils as well as provisions for their encampment. Two or three yokes of oxen are also required to haul the timber out of the wood to the banks of the streams. The cutting and hauling take place during winter; and in the spring, when the rivers are flooded, the timber, formed into large rafts, is floated down to the place of its destination. The raftsmen commence by floating twenty or more pieces of timber alongside each other, with the ends to form the fore-part of the raft, brought in a line, and then bound close together by logs placed across these, and by binding one log to another with poles fastened down by withes plunged firmly into holes bored in the logs for the purpose. The size of the raft is increased in this manner by adding pieces of timber, one after another, with their unequal lengths crossing the joints, until the whole lot of timber to be rafted is joined together in one flat mass on the river. On these huge rafts huts are raised for the residence of the lumberers and their families, and a number of sails are set up wherewith the moving mass is influenced in its course. A considerable number of these rafts are wrecked, and the remainder, after being safely navigated to Quebec, are there broken up, and the logs ranged along the shore in a line of four or five miles, till exported in vessels. Such is the process gone through with respect to the timber in which it is believed the American bug finds its way to this country.

Perhaps the following particulars in connection with this subject, which appear in the BRITISH CYCLOPEDIA (Orr and Smith, London), will not be unacceptable to our readers. "The original English name, as we learn from Mouffet, was different from that now universally given to this insect, which in his time (1634) was termed wall-louse, and Messrs Kirby and Spence suggest that the term bug, which is a Celtic word signifying a ghost or goblin, was applied to them after Ray's time, most probably because they were considered as 'terrors by night'; hence our English word bug-bear: and in like manner the passage in the Psalms, 'Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night' (xc. 5.), is rendered in Matthew's Bible 'Thou shalt not need be afraid of any bugs by night.'

Southall, in his Treatise upon the *Cimex lectularius*, published at Ipswich in 1793, and which reached a second edition, states that the first appearance of bugs in London occurred after the great fire in 1666, 'which learned men,' says he, 'united in thinking were imported with the new deal timber, as the bugs were naturally fond of turpentine woods.' That the latter circumstance took place, is perhaps perfectly correct; indeed, Linnaeus was of opinion that this insect is not originally a native of Europe, and that it was imported from America; but there is abundance of evidence to show that they were known in England before the great fire, since Mouffet records the circumstance which occurred in 1503, of a Dr Pennius being called in great haste to visit two noble ladies residing at a little village called Mortlake, on the banks of the Thames, who were greatly alarmed by the appearance of bug bites, which were considered as symptoms of the plague or some such contagious disease, and whose fears were only dispelled by the capture of the insects and the statement of their physician, who happened also to be a naturalist. As a native of Europe it has been known for centuries, being noticed by Aristotle (Hist. liv. 5. chap. xxxi.) under the name of *Coris*, by Galen, Dioscorides, Pliny, &c. who state the medical virtues which it was supposed to possess, especially as a remedy against the bite of serpents. It was also applied in numerous other diseases, as we learn from Mouffet, who has collected the learning of the ancients and of the middle ages upon this and other similar subjects. The medical student of the

present day will smile at learning that twelve live bugs taken fasting (four per diem) was an approved remedy against the colic. Whether the apparent rarity of these insects in England was the result of the superior cleanliness of its inhabitants over those of France, Germany, and Italy, as Mouffet states, may perhaps indeed be doubted; certain it is that it now thrives in our climate as well as elsewhere, sometimes, especially when unmolested, swarming to a most intolerable degree, not only in inhabited, but also in empty houses, getting under the wainscoting, &c. where it appears strange that it should be able to obtain nourishment.

Numerous remedies have been from time to time proposed by various writers, for the purpose either of driving away or killing these insects, which are almost as notorious for their disagreeable scent as for their annoying propensities. Of these remedies, Mouffet gives a long list; Mr Brande has given another in the index to the *Materia Medica*. We have known that an uninhabited house which swarmed with these insects has been completely cleared by a powerful fumigation of brimstone. And Southall, who obtained from his 'ancient black negro' the secret of making a fluid for the prevention of bug bites, states it to have been made by boiling several strong herbs, as herb Robert, comrinit, &c. in water, and adding corrosive sublimate and sal ammoniac; this liquid being applied with a sponge to furniture, &c. Our readers will perhaps smile at this statement, and inquire how the negro had gained a knowledge of English herbs, and the other substances employed, and will probably be inclined to think the whole story to savour rather of quackery. We will only add, that these remedies are for the most part either insufficient or dangerous, and that by carefully examining furniture infested at the commencement of the spring, and by strict cleanliness, they will either be entirely destroyed, or their numbers considerably reduced."

TRAVELLING IN ENGLAND THIRTY YEARS AGO.

UPON this subject there appears an entertaining well-written article in the twelfth number of *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, published a few weeks ago, from which we present the following sketch:—"Whilst reverting to these remembrances of my childhood (says the writer), I may add, by way of illustration, and at the risk of gossiping, a brief notice of my very first journey. I might be then seven years old. A young gentleman, the son of a wealthy banker, had to return home for the Christmas holidays to a town in Lincolnshire, distant from the public school, where he was pursuing his education, about a hundred miles. This school was in the neighbourhood of my father's house. There were at that time no coaches in that direction; now there are many every day. The young gentleman advertised for a person to share the expense of a post-chaise. By accident, or chiefly, I believe, out of compliment to the gentleness of my manners, and the depth of my affections, I had an invitation of some standing to the same town, where I happened to have a female relation of mature age, besides some youthful cousins. The two travellers-elect soon heard of each other, and the arrangement was easily completed. It was my earliest migration from the paternal (or, as I ought then to call it, the maternal) roof; and the anxieties of pleasure, too tumultuous, with some slight sense of undefined fears, combined to agitate my childish feelings. I had a vague slight apprehension of my fellow-traveller, whom I had never seen, and whom my nursery-maid, when dressing me, had described in no very amiable colours. But a good deal more I thought of Sherwood Forest, which, as I had been told, we should cross after the night set in. At six o'clock, I descended, and not, as usual, to the children's room, but, on this special morning of my life, to a room called the breakfast-room, where I found a blazing fire, candles lighted, and the whole breakfast equipage, as if for my mother, set out, to my astonishment, for no greater personage than myself. The scene being in England, and on a December morning, I need scarcely say that it rained; the rain beat violently against the windows, the wind raved; and an aged servant who did the honours of the breakfast table, pressed me urgently and often to eat. I need not say that I had no appetite; the fullness of my heart, both from busy anticipation, and from the parting which was at hand, had made me incapable of any other thought, or feeling, or attention, but such as pointed to the coming journey.

Thirty-nine, or possibly, I believe, even forty years, have passed since that December morning in my own life to which I am now recurring, and yet, even to this moment, I recollect the audible throbbing of heart, the leap and rushing of blood, with which, during a deep lull of the wind, the aged attendant said, without hurry or agitation, but with something of a solemn tone, 'That is the sound of wheels; I hear the chaise. Mr H——ll will be here directly.' The road ran, for some distance, by a course pretty nearly equidistant from the house, so that the groaning of the wheels continued to catch the ear, as it swelled upon the wind, for some time without much alteration. At length a right-angled turn brought the road continually and rapidly nearer to the gates of the grounds, which had purposely been thrown open. At this point, however, a long career of raving arose; all other sounds were lost; and for some time I be-

gan to think we had been mistaken, when suddenly the loud trampling of horses' feet, as they whirled up the sweep below the windows, followed by a peal long and loud upon the bell, announced, beyond question, the summons for my departure. The door being thrown open, steps were heard loud and fast; and, in the next moment, ushered by a servant, stalked forward, booted and fully equipped, my travelling companion—if such a word can at all express the relation between the arrogant young blood, just fresh from assuming the *toga virilis*, and a modest child of profound sensibilities, but shy and reserved beyond even English reserve. The aged servant, with apparently constrained civility, presented my mother's compliments to him, with a request that he would take breakfast. This he hastily and rather peremptorily declined. Me, however, he condescended to notice with an approving nod, slightly inquiring if I were the young gentleman who shared his post-chaise. But without allowing time for an answer, and striking his boot impatiently with a riding-whip, he hoped I was ready. 'Not until he has gone up to my mistress,' replied my old protector, in a tone of some asperity. Thither I ascended. What counsels and directions I might happen to receive at the maternal toilet, naturally I have forgotten. The most memorable circumstance to me was, that I, who had never till that time possessed the least or most contemptible coin, received, in a network purse, five glittering guineas, with instructions to put these immediately into Mr H——ll's hands, and the rest when he should call for them. The rest of my mother's counsels, if deep, were not long; she, who had always something of a Roman firmness, shed more milk of roses, I believe, upon my cheeks than tears; and why not? What should there be to her corresponding to an ignorant child's sense of pathos, in a little journey of about a hundred miles? Outside her door, however, there awaited me some silly creatures, women of course, old and young, from the nursery and the kitchen, who gave and who received those fervent kisses, which wait only upon love without awe and without disguise.

I found myself lifted into the chaise: counsels about the night and the cold, flowing in upon me, to which my companion listened with derision or astonishment. I and he had each our separate corner; and, except to request that I would draw up one of the glasses, I do not think he condescended to address one word to me until dusk, when we found ourselves rattling into Chesterfield, having barely accomplished four stages, or forty or forty-two miles, in about nine hours. This, except on the Bath or great north roads, may be taken as a standard amount of performance in 1794 (the year I am recording), and even ten years later. In these present hurrying and tumultuous days, whether time is really of more value, I cannot say; but all people on the establishment of inns are required to suppose it of the most awful value. Now-a-days, no sooner have the horses stopped at the gateway of a posting-house, than a summons is passed down to the stables; and in less than one minute, upon a great road, the horses next in rotation, always ready harnessed, when expecting to come on duty, are heard trotting down the yard. 'Putting to,' and transferring the luggage (supposing your conveyance a common post-chaise), once a work of at least twenty minutes, is now easily accomplished in three. And scarcely have you paid the ex-postilion before his successor has mounted; the ostler is standing ready with the steps in his hands, to receive his inevitable sixpence; the door is closed; the representative waiter bows his acknowledgment for the house, and you are off at a pace never less than ten miles an hour; the total detention at each stage not averaging above four minutes. Then (i. e. at the latter end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century) half an hour was the minimum of time spent at each change of horses. Your arrival produced a great bustle of unloading and unharnessing; as a matter of course you alighted and went into the inn; if you sallied out to report progress, after waiting twenty minutes, no signs appeared of any stir about the stables. The most choleric person could not much expedite preparations, which loitered not so much from any indolence in the attendants as from faulty arrangements and total defect of foresight. The pace was such as the roads of that day allowed; never so much as six miles an hour, except upon a very great road; and then only by extra payment to the driver. Yet even under this comparatively miserable system, how superior was England, as a land for the traveller, to all the rest of the world, Sweden only excepted.

What cozy old parlours in those days! low-roofed, glowing with ample fires, and fenced from the blasts of doors by screens, whose foldings were, or seemed to be, infinite! What motherly landladies! won, how readily, to kindness the most lavish, by the mere attractions of simplicity and youthful innocence, and finding so much interest in the bare circumstance of being a traveller at a childish age! Then what blooming young handmaidens, how different from the knowing and worldly demireps of modern highroads! And sometimes grey-headed faithful waiters, how sincere and how attentive, by comparison with their flippant successors, the eternal 'Coming, sir,' 'Coming, sir,' of our improved generation.

Such an honest old butler-looking servant waited on us during dinner at Chesterfield, carving for me, and urging me to eat. Even my companion found

his pride relax under the influence of wine; and when loosened from this restraint, his kindness was not deficient. To me he showed it in pressing wine upon me, without stint or measure. The elegancies which he had observed in such part of my mother's establishment as could be supposed to meet his eye on so hasty a visit, had impressed him perhaps favourably towards myself; and could I have a little altered my age, or dismissed my excessive reserve, I doubt not that he would have admitted me, in default of a more suitable comrade, to his entire confidence for the rest of the road. Dinner finished, and myself at least, for the first time in my childish life, somewhat perhaps overcharged with wine, the bill was called for—the waiter paid in the lavish style of antique England—and we heard our chaise drawing up under the gateway—the invariable custom of those days, by which you were spared the trouble of going into the street, stepping from the hall of the inn right into your carriage. I had been kept back for a minute or so by the landlady and her attendant nymphs, to be dressed and kissed; and, on seating myself in the chaise, which was well lighted with lamps, I found my lordly young principal in conversation with the landlord, first upon the price of oats, which youthful horsemen always affect to inquire after with interest; but secondly, upon a topic more immediately at his heart, viz. the reputation of the road. At that time of day, when gold had not yet disappeared from the circulation, no traveller carried any other sort of money about him; and there was consequently a rich encouragement to highwaymen, which vanished almost entirely with Mr Pitt's act of 1797, for restricting cash payments. Property which could be identified and traced, was a perilous sort of plunder; and from that time the free trade of the road almost perished as a regular occupation. At this period it did certainly maintain a languishing existence; here and there it might have a casual run of success; and as these local ebbs and flows were continually shifting, perhaps, after all, the trade might lie amongst a small number of hands. Universally, however, the landlords showed some shrewdness, or even sagacity, in qualifying according to the circumstances of the inquirer, the sort of credit which they allowed to the exaggerated ill fame of the roads. Returning on this very road, some months after, with a timid female relation, who put her questions with undisguised and distressing alarm, the very same people, one and all, assured her that the danger was next to nothing. Not so at present: rightly presuming that a haughty cavalier of eighteen, flushed with wine and youthful blood, would listen with disgust to a picture too amiable and pacific of the roads before him, Mr Spread-Eagle replied with the air of one who feared more than he altogether liked to tell, and looking suspiciously amongst the strange faces lit up by the light of the carriage lamps—“Why, sir, there have been ugly stories about; I cannot deny it; and sometimes, you know, sir,” winking slyly, to which a knowing nod of assent was returned, “it may not be quite safe to tell all one knows. But you can understand me. The forest, you are well aware, sir, is the forest: it never was much to be trusted, by all accounts, in my father's time, and I suppose will not be better in mine. But you must keep a sharp look-out; and, Tom,” speaking to the postilion, “mind, when you pass the third gate, to go pretty smartly by the thicket.” Tom replied in a tone of importance to this professional appeal. General valedictions were exchanged, the landlord bowed, and we moved off for the forest. My companion had his travelling case of pistols: these he began now to examine; for sometimes, said he, I have known such a trick as drawing the charge whilst one happened to be taking a glass of wine. Wine had unlocked his heart—the prospect of the forest and the advancing night excited him—and even of such a child as myself, he was now disposed to make a confidant. “Did you observe,” said he, “that ill-looking fellow, as big as a camel, who stood on the landlord's left hand?” Was it the man, I asked timidly, who seemed by his dress to be a farmer? “Farmer, you call him? Ah! my young friend, that shows your little knowledge of the world. He is a scoundrel, the bloodiest of scoundrels. And so I trust to convince him before many hours are gone over our heads.” Whilst saying this, he employed himself in priming his pistols: then, after a pause, he went on thus:—“No, my young friend, this alone shows his base purposes—his calling himself a farmer. Farmer he is not, but a desperate highwayman, of which I have full proof. I watched his malicious glances whilst the landlord was talking; and I could swear to his traitorous intentions.” So speaking, he threw anxious glances on each side as we continued to advance: we were both somewhat excited; he by the spirit of adventure, I by sympathy with him—and both by wine. The wine, however, soon applied a remedy to its own delusions: three miles from the town we had left, both of us were in a bad condition for resisting highwaymen with effect—we were fast asleep. Suddenly a most abrupt halt awoke us; my friend felt for his pistols—the door flew open, and the lights of the assembled group announced to us that we had reached Mansfield. That night we went on to Newark, at which place about forty miles of our journey remained. This distance we performed of course on the following day, between breakfast and dinner.

But it serves strikingly to illustrate the state of roads in England, whenever your affairs led you into districts a little retired from the capital routes of the

public travelling, that, for one twenty-mile stage, viz. from Newark to Mansfield, they refused to take us forward with less than four horses. This was neither a fraud, as our eyes soon convinced us (for even four horses could scarcely extricate the chaise from the deep sloughs which occasionally sealed the road for tracts of two or three miles in succession), nor was it an accident of the weather. In all seasons the same demand was enforced, as my female protectress found in conducting me back at a fine season of the year, and had always found in traversing the same route. The England of that date (1794) exhibited many similar cases.

It was not until after the year 1815 that the main improvement took place in the English travelling system, so far as regarded speed. It is in reality to Mr M'Adam that we owe it. All the roads in England, within a few years, were remodelled, and upon principles of Roman science. From mere beds of torrents, and systems of ruts, they were raised universally to the condition and appearance of gravel walks in private parks or shrubberies. The average rate of velocity was, in consequence, exactly doubled—ten miles an hour being now generally accomplished, instead of five. And at the moment when all further improvement upon this system had become hopeless, a new prospect was suddenly opened to us by railroads; which again, considering how much they have already exceeded the maximum of possibility, as laid down by all engineers during the progress of the Manchester and Liverpool line, may soon give way to new modes of locomotion still more astonishing to our preconceptions.”

FRENCH PRONUNCIATION.

One night, a party of English gentlemen attended the Theatre Français, at Paris, in order to see a popular piece acted. They had not long taken their seats till the curtain rose, and the performers who made their appearance could not utter a word which could be heard, in consequence of an uproarious outcry that broke out from all parts of the house. The sounds and yells were deafening, but prominent above all the noise might be heard the thousand times repeated word *ricat*, something like a rapid combination of the sounds *ree* and *cat*. “Oh,” said the Englishmen, “they are crying for one Ricat, some great performer we suppose, although we have never heard of such a personage.” In this plausible supposition, however, they were egregiously mistaken. The thing which was so loudly demanded was the national air of *Henri Quatre*, which was no sooner struck up by the orchestra than the hubbub quietly subsided. Who could have imagined that Ricat meant *Henri Quatre*? yet such is the common mode of pronouncing the words.

LISBON AT NIGHT.

It was an affair of danger to walk home alone from a party at night. I contrived to do it with impunity, armed with an iron case, keeping the middle of the street, and not allowing any Portuguese to walk behind me. Nothing could be more dreary and “cut-throat” than the appearance of the streets after dusk. Narrow, black with mud, and bounded by tall houses, they were only lighted at long intervals by wretched lamps on those nights when there was no moon; when the almanack said the moon ought to shine, the oil was saved. However, as there was no provision made for clouds darkening occasionally the face of the Cynthian queen, the faint glimmer of the lights at the images of the Virgin was alone seen on these occasions. The people retire early to rest in Lisbon, and from nine till twelve I seldom observed any one in the streets, except an occasional sentry with his bright-battered musket, a solitary pedestrian hurrying along in his cloak, or dogs prowling about. A few nights after my arrival, I was returning from a sojourn down the steep street Alcorim; the moon was shining bright, and I was beginning to be very sentimental whilst admiring the vine-leaves and flowers hanging over the wall of the garden of the Conde Feroba, and observing at the bottom of the descent the Tagus blithely gliding in light to the sea, when my pleasant reveries were interrupted by the sudden uplifting of a window, and, accompanied by a drowsy cry of “*Agua vai*” (there goes water), down came a torrent within a few feet of me. There was a rush of dogs to the spot; I made a detour, and escaped to my quiet chamber. In walking the streets between nine and twelve at night, it is necessary, if alone, to keep near the middle of the thoroughfare, and to talk to one's self; or else “showers of glory” will descend without any warning cry.—*Alexander's Portugal.*

WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC AND MEDITERRANEAN.

A remarkable proof of the relative degrees of salt held in solution by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea, is afforded by the condition of the boilers of his Majesty's steam-packet *Darrau*, which some time ago arrived at Woolwich, after an attendance of a few months upon the fleet in the neighbourhood of Constantinople. Owing to the extensive impregnation with salt of the upper waters of the Mediterranean, it would appear that a deposit of solid salt, to the extent of one-eighth part of an inch per diem, is found at the bottom of the boilers. This deposit is further stated to be greater in one week in the Mediterranean, than the entire deposit found in six months in the boilers of the steam-packets which ply from Falmouth to Lisbon. In consequence of the extraordinary deposit of salt, it is found that

the fuel carried out for feeding the furnaces is exhausted much sooner, in consequence of the greater thickness of the solid medium between the water and the fire. The bottoms of the boilers also are much more rapidly acted upon and destroyed by the heat. To remedy these most serious inconveniences, no other method has yet been adopted than that of very frequently letting off the steam, for the purpose of cooling and opening the boiler for the removal of the saline encrustation by the hand. But, on the contrary, this operation is productive of an extraordinary loss of time, a period of sixty hours being generally required for the purpose, and this long detention occurring of necessity after a performance of only a few days.

SMALL ALLOTMENTS OF LAND.

Edward Richards, aged 68, the father of six children, the son of a poor man, and the youngest of eleven children, has resided in Cirencester parish fifty-two years, and during the early part of his life was a common labourer. About thirty-five years ago, he agreed with a farmer to clear out and improve an acre of rough quarry land, on condition of having it three years rent free, and then give it up to the owner. On this unpromising spot, he and his wife expended their surplus labour to such advantage, that, during those three years, he cleared L.40. He then purchased two acres of poor land, for which he gave L.80. These two acres are now, and have long been, in a highly productive state. Soon after he entered on the cultivation of this land, he raised in one year seven quarters of wheat from it: and he has refused one hundred guineas for it. He has now been lord of this little manor for thirty-two years. By the kind offices of a worthy medical gentleman, who attended him when unwell, he obtained from Earl Bathurst twenty-five perches of poor, waste, and unproductive land, subject to be overflowed with water, at a quit-rent of 10s. per annum. This spot, which the writer has seen, he has possessed about thirty years, and has brought it to a state of value and productiveness that must be seen to be rightly appreciated. For the last ten years, this laborious and industrious man has rented five or six acres of land, besides the two plots already referred to; and, during that period, has kept two, and sometimes three cows, as also sheep, pigs, &c.; and it may not be uninteresting in these times to state, that he has been long a rate-payer, but never a rate-receiver. In short, by honest industry, sobriety, and good conduct, he is now a man of substance, and an independent Englishman, respectable and respected; and the writer, with feelings of sincere pleasure, remarked that he set a high value on what it was never his good fortune to possess—a sound and useful education.—*Labourer's Friend Society's Magazine.*

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON THE MIND.

Of the solace of music—nay more, of its influence upon melancholy, I need not look for evidence in the universal testimony of antiquity, nor remind such an audience of its recorded effect upon the gloomy distemper or the perverse mind of Saul. I myself have witnessed its power to mitigate the sadness of seclusion, in a case where my loyalty as a good subject, and my best feelings as a man, were more than usually interested in the restoration of my patient; and I also remember its salutary operation in the case of a gentleman in Yorkshire, many years ago, who was first stupified, and afterwards became insane, upon the sudden loss of his property. This gentleman could hardly be said to live; he merely vegetated, for he was motionless until pushed, and did not speak to or notice any body in the house for nearly four months. The first indication of a return of any sense appeared in his attention to music played in the street. This was observed, the second time he heard it, to have a more decided force in arousing him from his lethargy, and induced by this good omen, the sagacious humanity of his superintendent offered him a violin. He seized it eagerly, and amused himself with it constantly. After six weeks, hearing the rest of the patients of the house pass by his door to their common room, he accosted them—“Good morning to you all, gentlemen; I am quite well, and desire I may accompany you.” In two months more he was dismissed cured.—*Sir H. Hallford's Essays & Orations.*

INDIAN WIT.

Notwithstanding the peculiar sombreness of the North American Indian, he is capable of exercising his wit upon occasions. For instance, one of the Mic-Macks, not long since, entering a tavern in one of the country towns of Nova Scotia to purchase some spirits, for which ten shillings a gallon were demanded—double the retail Halifax price—the savage expostulated on the extraordinary sum asked. The landlord endeavoured to justify it, by explaining the expense of conveyance, the loss of interest, &c., and illustrated his remarks by saying, it was as expensive to keep a hoghead of rum as a milch cow. The Indian humorously replied, “May be it *drinks as much water* (alluding to its adulteration), but certain no eat so much hay!”

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